

MIRELLA'S BARGAIN

Self-Denial Cost a Spring Hat,
But Brought Happiness to
Several Persons.

By CLARISSE MACKIE.

"Mirella" shrieked Aunt Keziah, "you've got to go down to Bascom's and get some tea. I declare, I didn't know we were so nearly out."

Mirella Elwood put aside her sewing and, taking her hat, went out into the early June evening. "I'll stop in Miss Dorr's and look at a hat," she called back over her shoulder.

"Pick out something that will last you two years—you know you've been saving that money for a long while," warned Aunt Keziah from the front porch.

Mirella smiled with pleasurable anticipation as she went down the quiet village street. It had been a long time since she had had a new summer hat.

By dint of many economies and the earning of extra money through the eye of her clever needle she had saved enough to buy a few simple summer dresses and a new hat. She was thinking of the hat as she went down the street. It was to be an ecru Tuscan trimmed with red roses. Her best gown of ecru voile would look lovely with that much-dreamed-about hat.

Mirella was very happy as she turned into Bascom's big grocery store, where more than one person nodded a greeting and then paused to look after her with admiring eyes. Mirella grew prettier every day, they thought; she had a clear, white skin with soft, rose coloring, lustrous hazel eyes, long curling black lashes, and quantities of wavy black hair.

At the back of the store Mirella found William Bascom in conversation with a shabby youth.

"No, no," Mr. Bascom was saying harshly. "I can't do it. There don't nobody in Fernville take no stock in fiddles. I wouldn't lend you ten cents on it, but I will give you out and out."

"I'm not asking for charity!" retorted the youth hotly. "I've told you that I merely want to borrow enough money on it to get home to New York. As soon as I get there I will send it to you and you can send the violin down by express and—"

"I can't do it," said Bascom decisively. "I've heard these hard luck stories before, young man! I won't give you any money, but I wouldn't turn anyone away hungry."

"No, thank you!" declined the youth fiercely, and, jamming his soft felt hat down on his fair hair, he picked up a bundle wrapped in green baize and marched out of the store, followed by many curious glances.

"Well, Mirella, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Bascom in his most genial tone.

Mirella made known her want and left the obsequious Bascom wondering at her haste to leave the store.

Far down the road moved the hurrying figure of the young man who had been trying to borrow money on his violin.

Across the street were Miss Dorr's millinery parlors. Behind those Nottingham lace curtains was the straw hat with the red roses that she coveted.

Mirella banished all thought of the hat and the roses and followed after the youth and the violin. Before she was up with him, he turned aside from the roadway and flung himself on the ground, his face hidden by his arms. Mirella saw that his clothes were dusty and worn, his shoes in sorry condition and that the hat which he had tossed aside showed hard wear.

Coming up, she coughed gently to attract his attention.

With a slight exclamation the boy—he was scarcely seventeen—jumped up and stared at her out of wet blue eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I'm afraid I am obstructing the path." He stood aside to permit Mirella to pass.

But she stood still and looked at him gravely.

"I followed you," she said quietly. He flushed hotly. "You followed me?" he repeated.

"I happened to be in the store when you were trying to sell your violin, and I've always wanted to play the violin—and I came to see if you wouldn't sell it to me."

An eager look came into his face. "Do you really mean it?" he gasped. "It would mean a lot to me if I could sell it for five dollars. The money would take me back to New York, and once there—my father—" He choked and turned away his head.

Mirella was opening her little green purse. From it she extracted a five dollar bill—it represented the new summer hat—and handed it to him.

"There!" she smiled cheerfully. "You have got what you want and when you give me the violin, why, I shall have what I have always desired."

"It cost two hundred dollars," said the boy as he laid it in her hands. "If it was anywhere except in this benighted country region I might pawn it for fifty dollars. But your five dollars has saved my life—I was discouraged, down and out. I was ready to step out of life. But everything is changed now. I can go home and even if I confess I have failed it will be something to see the home faces again." He choked suddenly and held out his hand. "Good-by," he said gruffly. "Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Mirella Elwood," said Mirella, her own eyes bright with tears.

"Mirella! That's a pretty name and easy to remember—but it would be hard to forget you, anyway," he said with boyish admiration in his voice. "Good-by, Mirella! You're a brick!"

Mirella smiled through her tears and shook his hand warmly. "Good-by—and good luck!"

When he had disappeared Mirella tucked the green bundle under her arm and went home. The glow of satisfaction that pervaded her unselfish heart carried her safely past Miss Dorr's little shop. It was not

until she opened the gate and saw Aunt Keziah's anxious face that she realized that a bad half hour was before her.

"Where under the sun have you been?" demanded Aunt Keziah. "What have you got in that bundle? Not the hat, I'll be bound!"

Haltingly, Mirella explained her transaction with the youth. "It's worth two hundred dollars," she added in order to placate the irate woman.

"Two hundred fiddlesticks!" retorted Aunt Keziah sharply, filling the teapot. "But it's none of my business, Mirella Elwood, if you'd rather have a twanging fiddle than a new hat, why I don't care a mite, only folks will certainly laugh at you for wearing that old black straw another season."

One hot August morning the Elwoods were making blackberry jam. Mirella sat on the back porch looking over the luscious fruit and her finger tips and her lips were stained with the ruddy juice. In the kitchen Aunt Keziah was singing in a high cracked voice some ancient love ditty of her faraway youth.

A quick step sounded on the gravelled path and Mirella looked up to see a tall young man standing before her.

"Miss Mirella Elwood?" he asked, bowing, hat in hand, before her.

"Yes," said Mirella.

"My name is Hastings," he explained. "George Hastings. I came to thank you for your kindness to my brother a few weeks ago. Some of us would have come down before this, but Harry has been seriously ill with typhoid."

Mr. Hastings sat down on the steps and in a few words related the story of young Harry Hastings' passion for music and his desire to adopt it as a profession. The elder Hastings being a man of hard, practical ideas, had opposed the notion, and finally, Harry had run away from home.

"When I stopped at the post office to inquire the way to your house, the postmistress took occasion to inform me concerning the adventure with my brother and now I know the whole story—how you sacrificed a much desired hat in order to help save a boy from starvation."

Mirella blushed confusedly. It had seemed such a simple thing to do at the time, with Harry's hungry, homesick eyes upon her; but to hear it from the lips of Harry's big brother filled her with a wild desire to run away and hide herself.

"It is nearly time for winter hats now," she stammered, "and I really didn't mind it at all. Tell me, is your father going to allow Harry to study music?"

"Yes; he has promised him that he shall go to Paris as soon as he recovers his strength. The boy is wild over it. I have promised to bring him down here as soon as he is able to ride."

Aunt Keziah, who had heard enough to satisfy her curiosity, had hastily changed her dress. Now she came out in a lilac dimity gown with a dainty, lace-trimmed apron, and so gracious was Mirella's morning caller that he accepted her invitation to dinner.

Mirella, darkly beautiful as ever, was conscious of a strange singing happiness in her heart. The whole world looked fair and lovely and the future was a rainbow-tinted dream. Hats and red roses were relegated to the background.

The following week the whole Hastings family motored down from New York to see Mirella Elwood and her aunt. Harry, looking gay and pale, smiled radiantly upon Mirella, and when Aunt Keziah heard him play on the violin which Mirella brought forth the old lady declared that never before had she heard real music. After that Aunt Keziah Elwood never referred again to a "fiddle." As Harry mischievously expressed it, "Aunt Keziah spells violin with a capital V, and I'm responsible for it!"

It was the episode of the violin, also, that made him the gratified brother-in-law of pretty Mirella Elwood. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Temperament.

A good many persons treat their temperament as if it were a wart or a tumor over which they had no control.

"I simply can't do that," a man will say; "I guess it's a matter of temperament." Or a man who is a "welcher on the trail"—who takes a wife as a "paydiner" and then quits her on the trail—excuses himself on the score of temperament.

There is temperament, of course. And it is a good thing. It is chiefly that which keeps us from all being alike. Life would be dreadfully equal and boring if it were not for temperament.

But to mistake "cold feet" for temperament; or to let the real thing in the way of temperament master you—that's bad. It's worse than bad, it's stupid.—Kansas City Times.

CHANCE FOR THE INVENTOR!

Suggested Improvement Over the Mail Boxes at Present in Use in City Flats.

A letter carrier on his way through West One Hundred and Eleventh street the other day stopped at the entrance to an apartment house and gave a quick glance upward. Dangling on a level with his head almost was a small tin box. It swung at the end of a string that reached up to a window of the apartment house three stories above.

The letter carrier nodded, smiled and placed a letter within the box, which was quickly pulled up by a girl at the third story window. The carrier left a bunch of letters with the elevator boy within the vestibule, but the letter the girl got was the quickest delivered of them all.

"Secret love affair?" repeated the carrier after the query of a curious man. "Not at all. Just a convenience of the girl's so that she would not have to wait until the elevator man sorted the mail or tip him after its delivery. And you know there's a fortune for the man who can arrange something like it in flat houses?"

"Take the four and five-story houses with no elevators. Suppose the letter boxes were so arranged that they could be pulled up to the different

apartments now using them as downstairs receptacles for mail. Do you see what a blessing it would be? Why a landlord could raise the rent and the raise would be met without murmur. I have spoken to an architect inventor about it. He's working on it. How long? Oh, about two years now, but he'll make it yet. All it needs, he says, is a rightly placed spindle, light chain, small recesses in partitions, and the boxes, after a ring, can be drawn right up to rooms."—New York Times.

CAT'S HOME IN CHURCH ORGAN

Animal Stayed There for a Week and Made Some Problem for the Authorities.

Giggling, smiles and evidences of unusual good humor in the congregation in Second Reformed church were explained after the service. A full-grown cat was in the pipe organ. The organist and janitor couldn't get it out. Everybody in church knew it. The music was softer than usual and quite subdued. There was a reason. The cat had walked all over the apparatus governing one of the three manuals and put it out of commission. For a full week the cat was in the mechanism. After being found in a bed it made in the altar cloths, it fled to the organ. It could not be smoked out, shot at, or otherwise forced out, because of suspicion that a litter of kittens might be inside the organ and might die and decay in the instrument.

Finally Janitor John Otto and Organist William S. Hollenbach contrived a trap with meat, string and stick. When the animal seized the meat the fall of the stick aroused the janitor. He caught the animal only after stunning it with a hymn book.

The organ must be taken apart to get the damaged keyboard into service again.—Reading (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Knotty Point for Jurors.

Mayor William Riddle of Atlantic City ordered a stained-glass memorial window at a cost of \$100. The window was to display the figure of St. Peter. The firm completed it, and now the mayor refuses to pay the price. A suit to collect has been instituted, and the mayor's defense is that the figure of the apostle is not a good likeness. His halo and his keys are recognizable, but the mayor refuses to believe the features are those of the saint. It is a knotty problem for the court. Classical art represents St. Peter as a middle-aged gentleman with rather abundant beard; but classical art may be wrong. There are no photographs of the apostle extant, and we are not aware that he ever sat to a portrait painter. Mayor Riddle may have his own conception of what Peter looked like, but he will find it mighty hard to prove that it is any nearer actuality than the image on the stained-glass window.—Chicago Post.

Hint to Golfers.

If there is one part of the game more than another that is likely to try the golfer's patience to the utmost it is putting. When we consider that half of the game of golf is on the putting green, is not this a good reason why we should be proficient at it? But how are we to overcome this weakness on the greens?

The only real sound theory that is known for putting is to swing your putter on a dead straight line through the ball toward the hole. You can practice this method by putting the end of the putter head close up to a wall and practice swinging your putter back and forth; a pendulum movement is best, keeping the end of the putter close to the wall. Try it and see if it does not help your holing out.—Outing.

GRIDDLE CAKES WON BRIDE

Skillful Chef of Floating Hotel Is to Marry Youthful Boarder—Some Romance.

Griddle cakes are ordinarily unromantic, but aboard the Jacob A. Stabler, the young women's floating hotel moored at the foot of East Twenty-third street, they lead to weddings.

As the hundred young women who make their home on the old ship were at dinner it was announced that the daughters of the late John Arbuckle, who have maintained the Stabler, had decided to continue it as a floating hotel permanently.

After the cheers had died away one little lady felt so happy she announced her engagement. She was Miss Lilian Dawson, seventeen years old.

"Who's the man?" everyone asked. She hesitated a moment, and then answered: "Mr. George Becker."

"Our chef," gasped the hundred girls.

Miss Dawson had fallen in love with Becker's cakes and then did the natural thing by falling in love with the man who made them.

Her sister, Miss Anna Dawson, is to marry Frank Freudel, a Brooklyn shoe manufacturer. The double wedding will take place aboard the floating hotel.—New York American.

Must Keep Rifles Clean.

British officers at the front say that one of the main anxieties of their lives is to make the men keep their rifles clean. Sometimes the men's rifles are examined three times a day in the muddy trenches. One captain has made a reputation by his lectures on the importance of keeping the rifle clean.

"Now, lads," he says, "remember your rifle is your best friend—your only friend—when you are in action. If it's not clean and won't fire, where are you? If you don't keep your rifle clean there is only one thing to do. Have you all a square pair of shoelaces? Very well, take one of your spare shoelaces, tie it to the trigger, put the muzzle to your head, pull the lace, blow off your head. That's the only thing left for you. Now then, lads, what's to be done if you hadn't cleaned your rifle and the officer comes around to inspect?"

The squad (all): "Shoelace, sir."

FOR SALE—I will sell privately my new four room house and lot of 1/2 of an acre. Call and see it. Terms reasonable. Homer Gregg.



LEAST WORRY OF WATCHMAN

Keen, But Subtle Reproach Conveyed to Inquisitive Visitors at Ruins of Wellesley College.

A merited retort is not always a retort courteous. The rebuke that was administered to a party of intruding tourists by the old watchman who was set to guard the ruins of College hall at Wellesley not long after the great fire conveyed a keen but subtle reproach.

"Ye've got to keep out!" he ordered gruffly, when he caught them trying to slip under the ropes that surrounded the crumbling walls.

The inquisitive visitors paused and eyed first the ruins and then their determined guardian.

"See here," a callow youth accosted him, "we're willing to risk it, and we'll take all the responsibility. What do you care if we lose our lives?"

"Ye've got to keep out. I ain't thinkin' of your lives; I'm thinkin' of me job."—Youth's Companion.

The Woman of It.

Mrs. Church—So your daughter's to be married tomorrow?

Mrs. Gotham—She is, I am glad to say.

"And is the groom a man of your choice?"

"He certainly is not."

"Why are you glad she is to be married, then?"

"Well, I just feel like having a good cry."

They Had Cut Him Down.

One day, in the lively old time of cowboy activities, a timid tenderfoot at Hitter Creek asked tremblingly if that bad man, Bill Busner, was hanging around there yet.

"No," replied the native who was asked. "But he was last week."

"Are you sure?" said the tenderfoot. "Positive. I had hold of the rope."—Browning's Magazine.

Shooting Up the Town.

Bill—I see for lighting gas burners an inventor has patented a pistol in which a spring shoots a rod of flint through a roughened steel ring, producing a shower of sparks.

Jill—if it is adopted for street lighting I suppose it will be said at eventide that it is about time for the lamp-lighter to shoot up the town.

An Economy.

"No money, no trunks," said the irate landlord. "If you don't pay your board bill we hold your trunks till you do."

"Splendid!" said Dedbroke. "That'll save me the expense of storage on these things of mine until next season. By-by, old man!"—Judge.

NOT FOR HIM.

Mr. Elephant—I have a mind to hire you as my valet.

Mr. Monk—What, and have to carry your trunk around for you all the time? I guess not.

Proper Thing.

"They tell me Smith's business has all gone to seed."

"Poor fellow! Then he's ruined."

"Far from it. He supplies the farmers and suburbanites all around."

she asked him to pass around where it might do the most good. It was an appeal from an organization of women who wanted to help the suffering Belgians. Nothing new or original in that, of course, but the foreword to the appeal was rather unusual.

"It stated that whereas 5,000 cities and towns had been destroyed in Belgium, 1,000 homes had been razed to the ground and 5,000,000 women and children were homeless, therefore, and so forth.

"Well, I looked at it a minute to be sure the figures were there and then I asked my wife if there had ever been as many as 5,000 cities and towns in Belgium, also if 1,000 homes had been razed to the ground and 5,000,000 women and children were homeless how could there possibly ever have been as many as 5,000 persons in one home and I was about to make a few remarks.

"But I'm a goat if my wife didn't flare up and say that it wasn't a matter of cold calculation, but a matter of some need—and—and then, by Jove, she began to cry and I handed her a \$20 bill and told her to go blow it into the Belgians.

"But, say, ain't women the darlings?"—New York Sun.

LOVE ALWAYS FINDS A WAY

Liver and Onions, or a Struggle Between Love and Appetite—Letter Was Written First.

That night, 600 miles from home, in the dining room of the Travelers' Retreat, Higginson Bukettshop battled long and bravely with his appetite.

He hadn't written Clarabelle the daily letter yet, and all the hotel offered for supper was liver and onions, onions and liver, and liver as well as onions.

"What shall I do?" moaned the unhappy man. "I am famished, yet how can I send Clarabelle my usual kiss at the end of the letter after eating those onions? She will be sure to detect them—she is so sensitive—and then the engagement will be off."

Meanwhile the waiter was standing patiently at his elbow, remarking, "De liver'n onions is very good, sah. De onions'n liver is right terribble, sah."

"Hang it all, was ever man in such a fix!" cried Higginson Bukettshop. "Love or liver? Onions or Clarabelle?"

Suddenly his handsome face lit up. "Liver and onions!" he ordered. "By suspenders, I'll send the letter before I eat!"

And, though the letter was unusually impassioned, he had finished writing it, kiss and all, before the liver and onions arrived.—Detroit Free Press.

Plain Diagnosis.

"Now, doc," said the patient who wasn't so very sick, "I want you to get me a nurse. What I want is a nurse with golden hair, blue eyes, pretty figure and melodious voice."

"You don't want a nurse," retorted the doctor with some authority. "What you want is a front seat at a music comedy."

BRITISH BUSINESS METHODS.

"Has your son brought back any business methods from London?"

"Oh! yes. He thinks we ought to serve tea afternoons and that all the stenographers ought to be blondes."

Overlooked.

"Are you the editor of the paper?" asked the lady with the drab spats calling.

"I am," replied the man with the poised pencil.

"Well, I called to ask if you wouldn't get larger type. My name was in your paper five times last week and a neighbor of mine told me she never saw it."

Nobody Loves a Fat Man.

Biggins (a man of abundant girth)—The doctor said I need iron.

Badger—Internally?

Biggins—What a question! How else?

Badger—I didn't know but he meant externally in the shape of a hoop or two.

Not Easily Swallowed.

Bacon—This paper says a camera small enough to be swallowed to photograph the interior of the stomach has been invented by a Danish surgeon.

Egbert—Do you believe it?

"Certainly I believe it."

"Well, some people will swallow most anything."

Then He Ducked.

Mrs. Bacon—I see it is said that many of the women of Chile are employed as car conductors.

Mr. Bacon—Never would do over here.

"Why not? I'd like to know."

"Why, the rear platforms are crowded enough already by men."

Man of Excuses.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—How long do you suppose it would take to come from the moon to the earth, dear?

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I don't know and, what's more, I don't care; but if you are going to give that as your excuse for getting home late last night, it won't go."

Perhaps.

Mollie—I see an English inventor has equipped his flying machine with an acetylene flare, which would burst into flame and form a signal should he fall into the sea.

Chollie—But wouldn't that frighten the fish?

Public Sale of Real Estate

To settle an estate I will offer for sale at public auction, Saturday September 25th, at 10 o'clock a.m. a beautiful farm situated one half mile Southwest of Headwaters, Highland County, Va. This farm is beautifully located, close to churches, schoolhouse, store and post office, and contains 233 acres more or less; about 60 acres bottom land, good to farm or mow; about 50 acres upland, can be tilled or grazed. The balance in timber. This farm is well watered, good for grain or grass, and has on it a fair house, bank barn, new cellar and smoke house, granary and other necessary outbuildings; fruit sufficient for family use and fenced with wire and rail fences. Any one wishing a good home in this locality will do well to attend his sale.

Terms:—One-third cash on day of sale, balance in three equal payments, one two and three years, with interest from date of sale, purchaser executing bonds with vendors for land for balance of purchase money. Possession given on day of sale to sow wheat and full possession in fifty days. At the same time and place I will also sell five stacks of hay, about fifty bushels wheat, about one hundred sheaves of corn, some buckwheat and one Telephone, and one share stock in Doe Hill and Headwaters Mutual Telephone line.

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